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By RICHARD JOHNS

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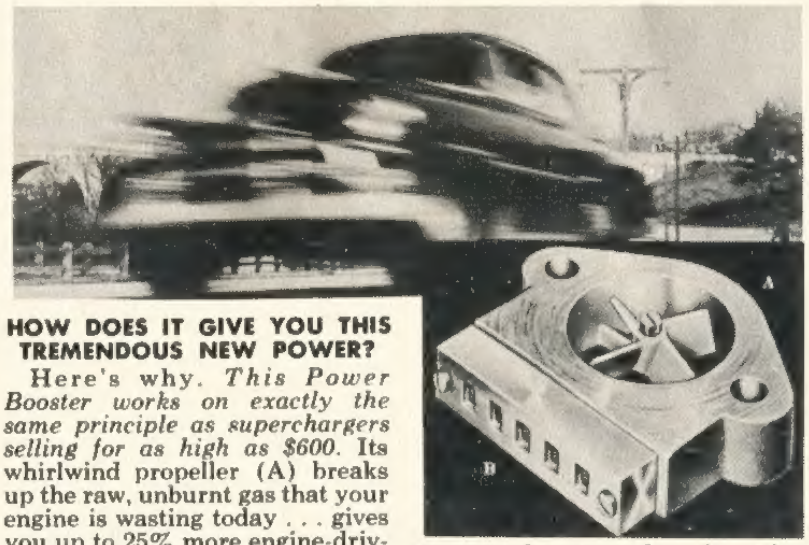

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ILLUSTRATED
DETECTIVE
TRUE OFFICIAL CASES

ED BURKE,
Editor

VOL. 1, No. 6
JAN. 1956

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ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE, Vol. 1, No. 6. Published monthly by Official Publications, Inc., 471 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Subscription, 12 issues $1.75; single copies 15¢. Foreign postage extra. The cases reported in this issue are true. However, wherever possible, names have been changed to protect the innocent. Copyright, 1955, by Official Publications, Inc. JAN., 1956. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

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Jackie Kimball, the victim.

MURDER HIDES IN LOVERS LANE

A pretty girl walked into death trap awaiting her in a Lovers' Lane.

By JIM MACLAIN

ON THE evening of September 22, 1955, at around seven o'clock, Jacqueline Kimball, eighteen, received a phone call at the home of her parents on Cottage Street in Belchertown, Massachusetts. She was gay and friendly on the phone, and when she hung up she said to her brother Willard, "I'm going out for a couple of hours."

Willard shrugged. He never tried to keep up with his sister's dates. She was vivacious, gay, pretty as a picture, a typical small-town American girl. As she walked out of the house, she waved a cheerful good-bye to her brother.

That was the last her brother or any member of her family saw Jacqueline alive.

When she didn't come home that night her father, Harold E. Kimball, well-to-do appliance dealer in Belchertown, was worried but didn't suspect anything serious had happened to Jacqueline. She often stayed with girl friends.

All that day was spent by Kimball and his wife calling friends and acquaintances of Jacqueline. Saturday morning Kimball went to Chief of Police Nelson Hill's office.

He was worried.

"Nelson," Kimball said, "Jacqueline left home Thursday evening and we haven't heard from her since."

Chief Hill was a friend of the Kimball family and had known Jacqueline since she was a baby. He knew she was not the type of girl to elope, run away, or disappear without letting her parents know where she was.

So Chief Hill picked up the phone and called State Police Lieutenant Timothy Murphy, gave him a description of Jacqueline, the clothes she was wearing—a red jacket and corduroy dungarees—and asked the lieutenant to put her description on the teletype as a missing person.

Then the chief got in his car and drove to the Kimball home. The brother wasn't able to tell anything about the mysterious phone call Jacqueline received just before she left him on Thursday evening. "She answered the phone," the brother explained. "And she didn't say who had called her. She seemed pretty gay and happy

when she walked out the house."

Neither Kimball nor his wife could give any important information. Jackie, as they called their daughter, was a perfectly normal 18-year-old girl. She had lots of dates. She was nice to all the boys. She was a religious girl, didn't smoke or drink, and never went to the taverns with the other boys and girls.

"She must have had one special boy friend," Chief Hill said.

"Yes, there was a boy named Gregory, who is now in the army," Kimball said. "He was crazy about Jackie. She liked him, but it never went any further. She told him that. He hasn't been around for some time."

Pvt. Gregory, Trooper Spofford.

Chief Nelson questioned the friends of Jackie. He got pretty much the same story as he had received from the parents. He assigned two detectives to the case. They questioned the neighbors, learned that one neighbor had seen Jackie leave the house at around seven o'clock, walk several blocks, and then get into a two-tone brown and gray Chevrolet sedan which drove away.

The description of this car threw a new angle of mystery into the case. A checkup of all her boy friends showed that none owned such a car. In fact, Chief Hill found there were only two such cars in Belchertown. One was owned by two old maids and the other by a banker seventy-two years of age.

Saturday passed and Sunday morning came. No trace of Jacquelie had been found. The state police in five states had joined in the search. Chief Hill and his detectives had questioned over fifty friends and acquaintances of Jacqueline. Four of her closest admirers

were taken to headquarters for questioning. One man, in his middle thirties, who had bothered Jacqueline by calling her on the phone, was the only suspect.

The mysterious two-tone gray and brown Chevrolet was the crux of the mystery, but no trace of the owner or the car could be found. Chief Hill sat in his office, worried and nervous. Somehow he sensed something had happened to Jacqueline, but he was unable to put his finger on the slightest clue. The mail of several days lay high on his desk and he sorted through it quickly.

He came to an army communication, read it twice, and then called the Kimball home, asking Kimball to come to the office at once.

When Kimball arrived there, Chief Hill said, "You mentioned a soldier by the name of Gregory as being one of Jacqueline's suitors?"

"She never considered him seriously," Kimball replied. "Gregory was in the guardhouse at Fort Devens for A.W.O.L. That was in August. Jacqueline and two other Belchertown youngsters visited him there. After that visit, Jacqueline wrote him that everything was over between them."

"Was his name Robert R. Gregory?" Chief Hill asked.

The gun found in Gregory home.

"Yes. that is his name."

"He isn't at Fort Devens. as you believed," Chief Hill said. "Here is a bulletin from the air force stating he is A.W.O.L. and the military police traced him to Chicopee Falls the day before Jackie disappeared and he left there in a car they believe was stolen, headed for Belchertown. I think I know his parents. They live on the Valley Mill Road. I'll go out there and have a talk with this Gregory if he is there."

Before the chief left his office, he called Lieutenant Murphy of the state police, asked him to have the state police at Chicopee Falls check on the cars stolen there on the night of Septembtr 20, and get a description.

At the Gregory home, Chief Hill found Private Robert Gregory. Gregory denied seeing Jacqueline since his return to

Belchertown. He admitted he was A.W.O.L., had been since September 2, and was ready and willing to be taken back to Fort Devens. Chief Hill got the impression he was a little too eager to be taken back.

For over an hour the chief questioned him, getting the same answer from Gregory—that he hadn't seen Jacqueline. Lieutenant Murphy walked into the room, took up the questioning. "You stole a two-toned brown and gray car at Chicopee Falls," Murphy said to Gregory. "There is a witness saw Jacqueline get into this type of car after she left her home. You were in that car and you'd better tell the truth."

For three hours Gregory stuck to his story. Chief Hill and Lieutenant Murphy took turns at questioning him and, as one was doing that, the other was searching the Gregory home for a murder weapon.

Chief Hill gave his attention to the living room. He reached under the seat of an overstuffed chair and his fingers touched cold steel. He pulled out a small .38-caliber revolver.

According to police reports, when Gregory saw the gun, his face paled and his voice broke as he said, "Yes, yes . . . I did it. Oh, God, how could I have done it . . .?"

"Done what?" Chief Hill questioned.

Gregory got up, said, "I'll show you." He took the officers to a well-known Lovers' Lane on Highway 181, off Three Rivers Road.

There in the brush was the body of 18-year-old Jacqueline Kimball. She had been dead for four days. About thirty feet farther in the brush was the car Gregory had stolen in Chicopee Falls. When Gregory saw the body, he started screaming the dead girl's name and then he collapsed in Chief Hill's arms.

The police further report that Gregory confessed he had stolen the car in Chicopee Falls. He called Jacqueline and she agreed to meet him. He drove her to the Lovers' Lane and when she told him everything was over between them, he shot her.

He was arraigned before Judge Charles J. O'Connor, who despite the alleged confession, instructed the clerk to enter a plea of not guilty for Gregory. When the clerk read the standard complaint, including the words, "did assault and beat her," Gregory leaped to his feet and shouted, "I didn't assault or beat her, I just killed her!"

Judge O'Connor continued the hearing until October 4.

Why DOES A SADIST Kill?

A beautiful girl and a mad sadist . . . a baffling mystery . . . a shocking and brutal solution.

By CLYDE EMBERTON

Murderess after her conviction.

WHY DOES a sadist or a flagellant commit murder? Psychiatrists could probably give you a long technical explanation, which you wouldn't understand. The everyday detective who has to face reality and not theory, produce murderers and explanations, will tell you that he doesn't have the answer.

But he will add quickly that these strange people with their mental quirks are by far the most clever of all murderers, despite the fact their murders have to be done with a certain amount of brutality.

The victim of this sadist murder.

Louise Chants was twenty, a pretty and wholesome-looking and acting girl. She could be called a perfectly normal and typical American girl, not the type you would spot as a victim of some sadist's lust and passion.

But that is where the sadist fools most people. His victims are not browbeaten men and women with black eyes and welts across the shoulders. The sadist likes a special type, the sweet and quiet man or woman, boy or girl.

And what about the victim? Many never realize they are victims of sadistic lust because a sadist is careful not to overdo it, except in cases when lust and passion get completely out of control.

On the evening of January 8th, Louise was at a drug store in her home town of Saratoga Springs, New York. She was in good spirits, chatting gaily with two boy friends. Suddenly she glanced up, a look of terror came into her face, and she ran out of the drug store and into the night.

And that was the last any of her friends or her family ever saw her alive.

When she didn't come home that night, her family notified the police. They listed Louise as missing. There was no evidence that she had met with foul play, and many things happen to missing young girls—love affairs, running away from home, or visiting friends.

Detective O'Hearn talked with the two boys Louise had been with at the drug store. They said they had noticed a middle-aged woman who walked with a limp going back and forth in front of the drug

store. They were not sure whether or not this woman had anything to do with Louise's running out of the store.

Twenty-four hours later a rural postal carrier, driving along an isolated road about a mile from Lake Lonely, a small year-around resort outside Saratoga Springs, saw a piece of blue sweater lying on the grass, and in the sun the bloodstains on it gleamed ominously. The carrier stopped and picked up the piece of sweater, and later turned it over to the police at Saratoga.

This piece of sweater was tested at the laboratory and was found to be covered with human blood. When it was shown to the parents of Louise Chants, they identified it as the sweater Louise was wearing the night she disappeared.

This startling discovery made the disappearance of Louise Chants a number one problem for the Saratoga police. Detectives went to her home, questioned her parents, and searched her room. This netted a note that read, "You must come again tonight. "S. L."

Neither the father nor the mother had any idea who "S. L." was nor what the note meant. Her boy and girl friends were just as much in the dark about it. At the end of the day detectives, now convinced the twenty-year-old girl had met with foul play, had not uncovered one clue to what might have happened.

Detective O'Hearn questioned the mother again on one point that was pretty much stabbing in the dark. He said, "About that blue sweater, when did your daughter wear it? On any special occasions? She didn't wear it every day. Her friends told me that."

The isolated cottage at Lonely Lake where Louise met cruel death.

"There was something funny about that blue sweater," the mother answered. "About twice every week Louise would put it on about eleven-thirty. Then she would go out, but she never told me where she was going. She would wear the sweater the rest of the day and wouldn't put it on again until three days later at the same time, and the same thing would happen."

"Did she say anything or give you some idea?" O'Hearn asked.

"No, she didn't and I didn't think much about it. You see, Louise was in an auto accident several months ago and her back was badly hurt. Maybe wearing the sweater helped her."

O'Hearn's hunch about the sweater was like a drowning man grabbing at a straw, but suddenly it brought results. He talked with the Chants' family doctor and was told that Louise had suffered a back injury, which wasn't serious, but that she was taking massage treatments from some woman.

"Are the woman's initials 'S. L.'?" O'Hearn asked.

"That's it . . . the name is Sonja . . . Sonja Leggett."

Sonja Leggett lived in a cottage with her husband at Lonely Lake. She was a middle-aged woman who walked with a limp. Her face was cold and hard, but she was affable and friendly to Detective O'Hearn.

It was near this shack that body of Louise Chants was found buried.

"Oh, yes," she said, I knew dear, sweet Louise. She came to me for treatments. I had been on a case for two days and didn't hear about her disappearance. I can't imagine what could have happened to her. She was such a sweet child. She was supposed to come for treatment two nights ago."

O'Hearn said, "Would you come to headquarters with us?"

While Sonja Leggett sat at headquarters, answering seemingly innocuous questions asked by O'Hearn, a crew of workmen under detectives were digging up the ground around the Leggett cottage. After about an hour of digging, the workmen's shovels hit a wooden box.

And in this box were the severed remains of Louise Chants.

The information was phoned to Detective O'Hearn. He said to Mrs. Sonja Leggett, "All right, Mrs. Leggett, let's have the truth. Why did you murder Louise Chants?"

"Murder that sweet girl?" Mrs. Leggett gasped. "Are you insane?"

"A murderess shouldn't talk," O'Hearn countered. "You gave yourself away when you told me in one breath you were on a case and hadn't read a newspaper, and in the next breath said you expected Louise Chants for a treatment. I have had my men checking. You weren't on a case and you were reading newspapers. So I had my men start digging around your cottage. We have just found the body of Louise Chants in a box near your cottage, cut into three parts."

Sonja Leggett paled, caught her breath. Soon she was gasping out her strange confession. "Why did I do it?" she said. "I don't know. She was such a sweet child and her body was so soft. I couldn't . . . she was afraid of me . . . she ran when she saw me that night. I had to massage her . . . I couldn't help it . . . she started to run away from me in my cottage. I hit her . . . she fell on her head. I thought she was dead. I cut her body up. She wasn't dead when I did that . . . my husband knew nothing about it . . . I buried the body myself. Why did I want to hurt that child? Why do I have those strange urges . . .?"

Sonja Leggett was tried and found guilty and sentenced to from twenty years to life in the state penitentiary.

But nobody was ever able to answer her question about why she wanted to hurt Louise Chants.

At left you see Archbishop Tyraks and Father Appleby with faces covered being taken to D.A.'s office, while on right the fat and glib Father Norman seems unconcerned. In back are officers who broke racket.

The Unholy 3...

They were three smooth crooks and their racket seemed safe until stubborn Assistant D.A. took over and pulled trick that landed them in prison.

by TED NORTH

IT WAS a million-dollar racket, a glorious dream for any crook. To the police it was a nightmare because there seemed nothing they could do to stop it.

The leader of this trio of conmen was the tall, pontifical, white-haired Dutch Willie, well-known to every police department in the Middle West. When he reached the ripe old age of forty, he began thinking about his soul. He got himself baptized in the Lutheran Church. This baptism did little to purify his soul. Three months later he was in the hands of the police and on the way to prison.

It was then that his great dream came to him. When released from prison, he journeyed to New York City to or-

ganize for himself a church.

For your information, organizing a church is a very easy and simple proposition in New York City. All Dutch Willie had to have was $12 in cash for a charter, the subway fare to go downtown to file the papers with the various County and City departments.

When Dutch Willie did this he had the legal right to perform marriages, do secular duties of a minister or a priest, and collect money for charity.

The latter, of course, was Dutch Willie's one and only interest. He nominated himself to the high church position of archbishop, took the name Tyarks, bought a pair of tortoiseshell glasses, clothed himself in the robes of an archbishop.

He needed assistants, so out of the West came his old crony, Slick Norman. Up in Providence, Rhode Island, Norman's old friend and buddy, Nick Parker, alias other names, was in a serious and unhappy condition. He had been arrested and convicted of rape. The State of Rhode Island was willing to be lenient if Parker would leave the state once and forever and never again return. So the message from Norman appealed very much to Parker.

Dutch Willie promptly ordained Norman and Parker into the church as bishops, with the names Father Norman and Father Appleby. An old building at 458-460 West 40th Street in New York's famed Hell's Kitchen was rented as a mission.

Their church was called "The American Orthodox Church." Letterheads were printed, and Father Norman handled the soliciting. His glib tongue brought in many large checks. Within a year the three had as neat a racket as any crooks ever conceived.

The Welfare Department did some checking and found that the esteemed archbishop was none other than Dutch Willie, and his two bishops well-known to the police in other parts of the country. A little more checking disclosed that these three crooks were pocketing the money collected from the gullible.

They were arrested. Father Norman smiled benignly at the arrest. The three hired a well-known criminal lawyer. The case was thrown out of court when a long parade of bums took the witness stand and testified the mission fed and clothed them and gave them spiritual hope. There were other arrests, but it was the same story all over again.

But human greed finally got them in the police net—for a brief moment. Thanksgiving was

approaching. Letters were sent out by the mission for funds to feed the hungry. Three thousand dollars poured in. The only Thanksgiving dinner at the mission was for Tyraks, Norman and Appleby.

Unwilling to let well enough alone, they sent out letters and solicited their sucker list for $2,000 to make up a deficit. The police had watched their actions and knew there had been no Thanksgiving dinner. They were arrested. This time they were unable to supply the bums as witnesses. They were convicted, but the Court of Appeals came to their rescue by reversing the verdict on the grounds the money hadn't been solicited for any specific purpose.

District Attorney Hogan, the police, and Samuel Sloan of the Welfare Department threw their hands up in defeat. Then the case was dumped in the lap of Wyllys B. Newcombs, Assistant District Attorney, a short and stocky man with a bull dog tenacity.

Newcombe briefed himself on the details. At the end of two weeks, he said to Hogan, "I can catch these crooks if the police will cooperate."

"You'll get all the cooperation you want," Hogan assured him.

Newcombe called in Lieutenant William Grafenecker, in charge of the detectives assigned to the District Attorney, and Charles Blue, photographer for the D.A. He asked Lieutenant Grafenecker to have his men check at the banks and get a complete record of all money deposited by the church. He asked Blue if he could make motion pictures, and Blue said the office had such a machine. Newcombe told him to station himself near the mission and take continuous pictures of

Archbishop Tyraks being arrested.

every person entering the mission.

Three weeks later detectives arrested Tyraks, Norman and Appleby. Father Norman said, "What, again? Don't you guys ever get tired of making fools out of yourselves?"

On November 20, 1945, their trial started. The three sat in their clerical gowns, bored at the whole proceedings. Their attorney was equally bored. In an outer room were fifteen hobos, ready to give the necessary testimony.

The state presented its evidence. Blue took the stand with his motion picture films of the mission during every hour of every day for three weeks. The film showed that the only persons to enter the mission were the three defendants. This knocked the props out from under the defense.

The jury found the three guilty. Norman and Appleby got ten years, and Tyraks, because of his age and health, was given only five.

After the conviction, District Attorney Hogan said, "New York City is the happy hunting ground for the promotion of fake charities. The evidence in this case clearly shows that our sophisticated city is full of very generous and some very gullible persons."

CRIME IN THE U. S. A.

The FBI report on crime in 1954 is shocking enough to startle any American citizen. In this day of the atomic age, we seem to be falling far behind in providing law and order.

During 1954 we had an everage of 36 murders and 49 rapes daily, a daily average of 256 criminal assaults; 3,674 larcenies were committed each day and 2,192 robberies, including car theft. In all, we had 2,267,250 major crimes, which means that every 13.9 seconds a crime is committed in the forty-eight states.

The most depressing thing about these figures is that they represent a 26.7 increase over 1950 and for the seventh straight year we have had an increase. This increase is four times our population gain, which should cause us to stop and ponder just where we are going in trying to enforce our laws.

THEY HAVE juvenile gang wars in Chicago, as well as New York. Above is one of the youths questioned about the murder of Kenneth Sleboda in a war between two local gangs. Sleboda was killed by a shotgun as he stood on the sidewalk and fourteen youths were picked up by the police for questioning. The cause of the shooting was an argument between the two gangs over an alleged insult one member had thrown at another. The death of Sleboda has caused the police in Chicago to start a roundup of all teen-age gangs.

no flowers for Eudora

by PETER BENTLY

THIS WAS not a home you would expect the dark cloud of murder to enter. Roger Cunningham had a good position as Inspector for the Federal Housing Administration in Oklahoma City. His home was a showplace in the fashionable Twin Hills section.

Eudora Cunningham, his wife, was a beautiful woman, prominent in society. The young couple had everything to make their lives full and contented.

But then . . .

The first scene in this tragedy took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joel P. Stokes, parents of Cunningham's wife. At tea time on March 12th, 1939,

Eudora's body carried from ditch.

Eudora loved flowers and it was this love that solved strange mystery of her death.

Mrs. Stokes remembered suddenly that she had not heard from her daughter for almost a week. This was unusual since the Stokes' house virtually adjoined the Cunningham home.

Have You Seen This Woman?
TEAL BLUE HAT-DARK RED BAND WITH BOW IN BACK
COMPLEXION VERY FAIR... FEW FRECKLES
EYES-DARK BROWN
HAIR-REDDISH BROWN
MOLE NEAR MOUTH AND ONE UNDER CHIN
BROWN BIRTHMARK 1" LONG X ½" WIDE IN MIDDLE OF BACK
JERSEY DRESS TEAL BLUE TOP DARK RED SKIRT ¾" BELT
TANNISH COLOR SPORT COAT
RED BAG
SCAR ON INSIDE OF ONE KNEE FROM OLD CUT
HEIGHT-5'5½"
WEIGHT-142 LBS
BROWN SHOES... AND WITHOUT HEELS
Eudora's poster sent out by police.

Mrs. Stokes called her son-in-law. "I don't know where Eudora is," he said on the telephone. "I haven't seen her since that dinner party last Monday night."

Mrs. Stokes demanded an explanation of this sketchy report. Cunningham then told her that he had taken his wife to the movies after the dinner party and then had driven off to his office to finish some work. He called for his wife after the show was over. At that time, he declared, Eudora suddenly announced she was leaving for San Francisco to interview radio officials on a program idea.

"But I wouldn't worry if I were you," Cunningham assured his mother-in-law, "Eudora is bound to turn up."

Before another three days had passed, Mr. Stokes took a hand. He notified Assistant County Attorney E. W. Brown that Eudora had been gone nine days and that nobody had heard from her.

Brown's first step was to call in Cunningham for an informal chat. Cunningham

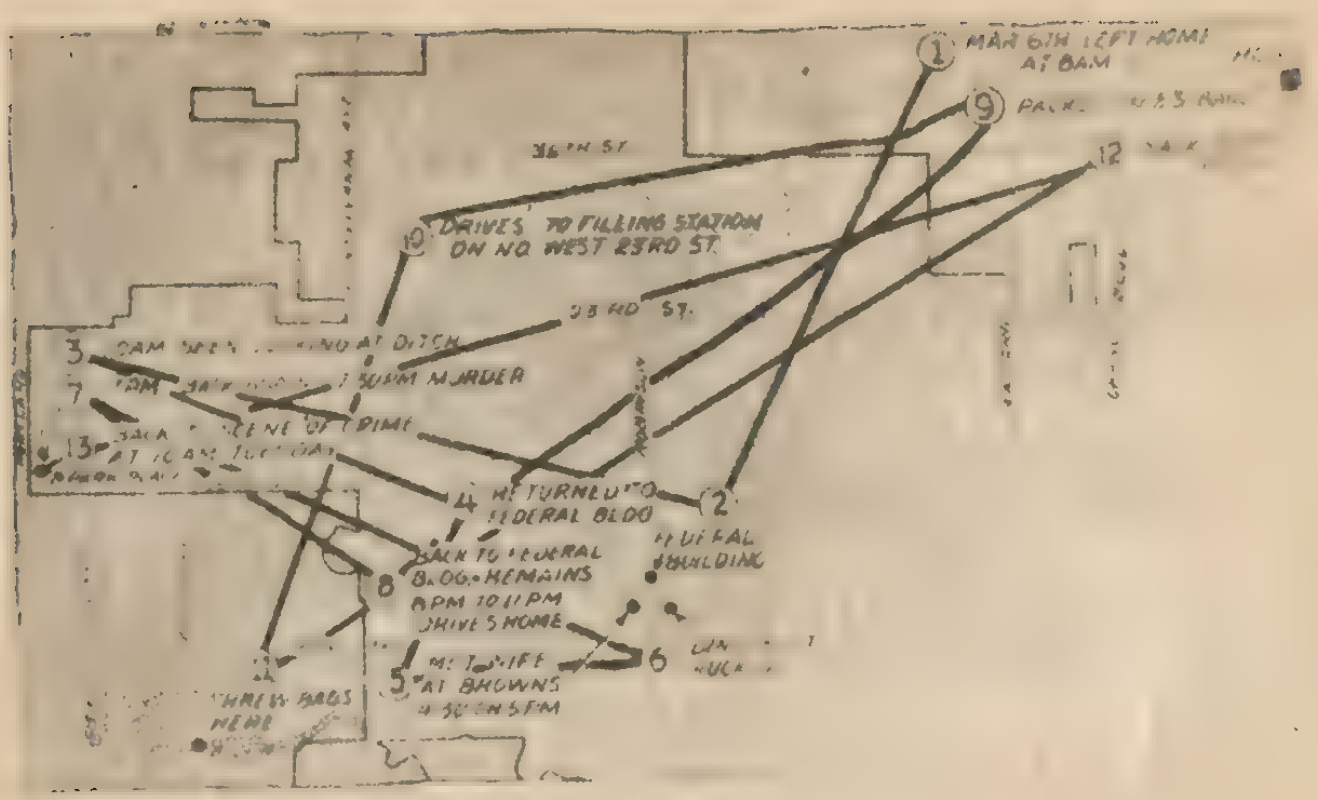
seemed happy to oblige. He told his story without hesitation. Eudora had packed three bags before she left. He had driven her to the Santa Fe station, where he let her out at the entrance and then went to park his car. He returned a few minutes later to find her gone. Assuming she was on her way, he drove on.

The apprehension the parents felt over their daughter's disappearance was temporarily relieved the next day when a telegram arrived reading: "Don't worry. Everything all right." The wire had been filed from Los Angeles and was signed, *Endora.*

Suspicious, however, was the fact that Eudora was misspelled "E-N-D-O-R-A." Stokes pondered this fact. It seemed unusual that anyone would misspell her own name,

Eudora Cunningham, victim.

Husband of Eudora Cunningham.



Map shows route killer took in complicated plan to dispose of body.

but then there might have been an error in transmission.

Stokes immediately contacted the telegraph office in Los Angeles where the message had been filed. He demanded that the message be traced. Hours later a report arrived from the west coast office. The message had been filed by a man. Stokes flashed a message to the telegraph office in Los Angeles. ***"You must find sender, it's life or death to us."***

Late that night they sat uneasily in their library. The phone rang. "Los Angeles calling," the metallic voice said. "Here's your party." A man who identified himself as Fred Smith, then spoke:

"I sent that wire," he said. "But I didn't know what it was all about. Roger asked me to do it, and I saw no harm in doing him a favor."

Evidence had now stacked up to a point where Cunningham was difinitely under suspicion. But Assistant County Attorney Brown was not in favor of making an arrest. He preferred to have Cunningham shadowed until additional facts could be learned.

Meanwhile, police surveying all transportation facilities to San Francisco from Oklahoma City, found that no trains, planes or buses had left for that city at the hour Cunningham alleged his wife had de-

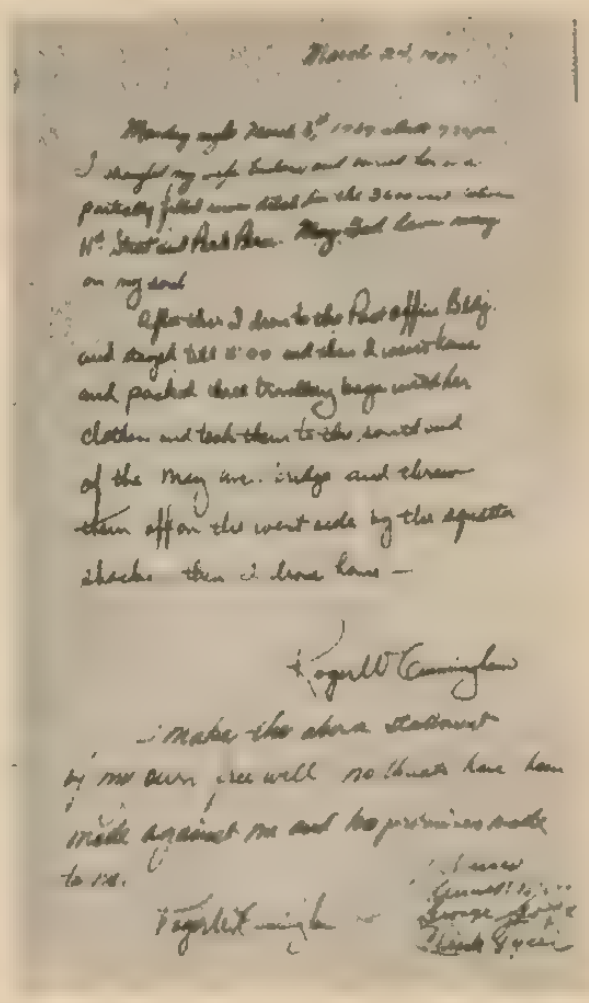
parted. But while police were attempting to determine how Mrs. Cunningham might have left the city, Roger Cunningham slipped over to Tulsa, where he was reported spending time with friends. The next day Cunningham was apprehended and held for investigation at the county jail.

Cunningham did not appear in the least put out by his jailing. He even offered a statement to the papers, a sentimental plea to his wife asking her to return to him from wherever she might be. He explained his letter to Smith neatly.

"I sent it to Smith," said Cunningham, "because I thought a telegram would slow things down until she had a chance to make up her mind whether to come back or not."

Assistant County Attorney Brown was not deceived. It was his considered opinion that Eudora Cunningham was dead. He instructed the highway patrol to inspect every ravine and basin in the State. He worked at a disadvantage because there was not a shred of murder evidence against Cunningham.

County Attorney Lewis E. Morris took charge of the case. Morris is known as the most effective crossexaminer in the Southwest. He started his questioning easily and in a friendly manner. Roger Cunningham responded by showing every desire to help. Hours passed. One by one little discrepancies began to appear in



Confession signed by the killer.

Mr. Roger Cunningham's story.

Morris began to hit hard on these discrepancies, and as Cunningham tried to explain them away, they got bigger. He squirmed in his chair. Morris gave him no rest.

Then suddenly Morris

switched his type of questions. He spoke about Eudora's mother, whom Cunningham loved deeply. He talked about her sorrow, and then he said:

"Roger, you're not going to let that poor woman live the

Police found weird clue in attic.

rest of her life without knowing where her daughter is buried, without ever being able to place a flower on her grave."

Morris sensed that Cunningham was near the breaking point. This did the trick. Roger Cunningham's head went down and his body shook with sobs. Then he looked up and said, "I'll tell you where the body is."

He took a pen and sketched a map and placed a cross in the center of it. "There is where she is buried," he said.

Detectives found the body on that spot. It was an expanse of land on which construction was going on. For hours deputies dug by the light of flares. Finally they uncovered the remains of Eudora Cunningham. A newspaper covered her face. Her hat and gloves lay crumpled nearby.

Early that morning, Cuningham penned his confession. The real motive lies in doubt to this day. On the night of March 6th, he quarreled with Eudora while the two of them were in the suburbs looking at houses. In a fit he strangled her and dragged her to a nearby ditch. He buried her only partially. A mechanical shovel on a construction job did the rest.

Four days after the confession, the grand jury met, heard the evidence and quickly indicted Cunningham on charge of first-degree murder.

Cunningham was found guilty and died in the electric chair.

SO YOUNG TO DIE

Unknown bandit after he tried to shoot it out with cops on West 52nd St.

Two visiting ladies in New York City get wild orgy of excitement . . . and death.

by HAROLD WALLICK

MRS. Freda Acron and Hilda Brown wanted to see New York City and excitement. They lived in an upstate town where life moved smoothly and with little change in its daily tenor. So these two women got in a taxi and told the driver to take them through the hot spots of Broadway.

No hotter spot than Sixth Avenue and the Fifties can be found on the Great White Way for excitement. And here Freda Acorn and Hilda Brown got a taste of it they won't forget for many years to come.

As the taxi cruised along Sixth Avenue at 52nd Street, an unknown bandit decided to hold up a Sixth Avenue bar. Unfortunately, he didn't take the trouble to case the bar as a professional might do. He ran into two cops and came running out of the bar, looking for a safe spot.

The taxi with Freda and Hilda came along and he made a leap for it, landing inside as the cops came out of the bar, guns drawn. The unknown bandit had a gun and he started shooting. Hilda and Freda started screaming, as any women might do. The taxi driver decided he had had enough, so he jumped out of his cab and away from the line of bullets.

The bandit yelled at the cops, "Come and get me, coppers."

Hilda Brown screamed,

Cops wait for chance to get shot at bandit without hitting women

"Please. God, please don't come."

It wasn't Hilda's plea that stopped the cops. The bullets from the bandit's gun were clipping the air too close for comfort. So the cops darted behind a police car, taking what potshots they could at the bandit without hitting the two women.

Huddled in the back seat of the car, behind the bandit, Hilda and Freda were undergoing an experience that comes into the lives of few women. Finally Hilda decided she and Freda had had enough. She stopped her screaming hysteria. Life was now something real and very brutal.

Hilda isn't a small woman but she has considerable power in her body. So she looked at the bandit. He was young, not a bad-looking youth. A pity, Hilda thought, that a youth like this would be a bandit and killer. He seemed so young to die. But she was in no mood to philosophize on life and its strange vicissitudes.

Her foot went out, in a short jabbing kick. It caught the bandit, who was firing coldly and deliberately at the cops, in the seat of the pants and he went tumbling out of the taxi.

Hilda heard the din of police guns. When she opened her eyes, the bandit lay on the street very dead.

Hilda and Freda took the first train back to the quiet and peace of their upstate town, and it is probable some months, and perhaps years, may pass before they come to New York City looking for excitement.

CRIME BRIEF

Augusta, Georgia—Howard Driggers, 15, an honor student at the Rupert Langford High School, learned he couldn't hold wine very well. He and his close pal, Clinton G. Clemmons, decided to have a spree. During the drunk Driggers put a shell in his rifle and shot Clemmons dead. Driggers says he can't explain his action, except that the wine gave him funny ideas. He seemed unconcerned about what he had done, falling asleep on the operating table while they were taking blood tests to determine the defense of his intoxication.

Hanging Suicide

THE MAN you see in this picture without a coat is not, as would appear, reading what is in the hands of the coroner. The coatless man is Church Lester and he is very dead and had been for some time. Look a little closer and you will see the noose he made out of his belt and with this he hung himself. Church Lester was convicted for the murder, by bombing, of the three little daughters of Harry Gouge. The bombing was a result of an age-old mountain feud that has raged in the mountains of the state of Tennessee.

MURDERER UNKNOWN

Body of Grace Nutt as husband found it on returning from field.

HERE IS the mystery that still has the Southwest puzzled, asking questions, and sometimes arguing violently. The murder of a pretty farm wife in any rural community where gossip travels fast and furious means innuendo and suspicion. Three years have passed since William Nutt, a farmer near Parsons, Kansas, returned to his farmhouse for lunch and found his wife Grace lying on the kitchen floor, covered with blood and dead from a brutal beating.

In those three years all the suspicions and innuendo have proved without foundation, and the one question remains—who killed Grace Nutt? The chances are now that this question will never be answered. The day following the discovery of her body, rumors began to spread rapidly. Such a commonplace event as Grace Nutt riding into Parsons the day before her death to visit her sister was twisted into a sinister event and the word spread that she was nervous and jumpy. Later all this proved to be false.

Her husband was immediately eliminated as a suspect. The autopsy performed at the Mercy Hospital showed that she had been killed around ten o'clock on the morning of April 22, 1951. At that time her husband was in a field two miles away, working with three other men, and did not leave the field at any time.

There were stories of Grace Nutt's meeting a car on the highway. This turned out to be an innocent meeting. But by the time Sheriff Jake Boelens and County Attorney J. L. Shuss got through investigating these rumors, the case was so clouded that any hope of finding the killer had passed.

So the mystery of who killed this pretty farm wife remains unsolved. Nobody saw the killer enter or leave the farm. No shots were heard. Grace Nutt was not criminally assaulted and nothing was taken from the farmhouse.

Who killed Grace Nutt and why?

Gentleman after his arrest.

Portrait of a Perfect Gentleman

by HERBERT KARLTUN

He was a perfect gentleman, but he died in the electric chair for murder so bestial, details had to be withheld.

Everybody who knew him casually said he was the perfect gentleman, kind and considerate in all things. When the ghastly truth was known his friends, even one of his wives, couldn't believe that they could have been completely fooled.

He had talent, loads of it, charm and a brilliant mind. He was a good writer, could have attained fame that would have lived after him.

Instead. . . .

In Raiford, Florida, on August 8, prison execution authorities took pains to shave Herbert Goddard's head clean. They had to be certain the cathode of the electric chair would make contact. Their care was rewarded. It took only forty-two seconds for the three thousand volts to shatter Goddard's body and put an end forever to a career of infamy unmatched in the recent history of American crime.

He paid the penalty exacted for the murder of lovely seventeen-year-old Frances Ruth Dunn. Goddard assaulted her before he slayed her. The action climaxed his fabulous career of rape, theft, fraud and bigamy.

A psychiatrist might have saved the state much money and a great many mothers their heartbreak if he had worked on Goddard years before. For Goddard was an otherwise quite intelligent young man who became madly obsessed by sex.

He had been a radio script writer and, according to those who hired him, a pretty good one. He wrote the blood-and-thunder crime serials which keep youngsters awake nights. Yet no arch-villain Goddard devised for his scripts ever matched for sheer wickedness the role he himself played in real life.

Goddard was born of a good family in New York City in 1910. At the age of fourteen he compromised a young girl and disgraced both her and himself.

Francis Dunn, his pretty victim.

Killer permitted Jean Bolton to live.

Six months later he served time in a reformatory for stealing.

On September 19, 1926, a thirteen-year-old girl in Columbia, Pennsylvania, disappeared. She had last been seen playing in a park. The next day, boatmen found her, bruised and suffering from exposure, on a deserted river island. Her story was that two boys had accosted her and had suggested she take a boat ride. They took her to the island, bound and assaulted her. All night she lay struggling to release herself from the bonds.

Pennsylvania State Police combed the island for clues, found a card on which was written "Herbert Goddard." It took police ten weeks to trace Goddard—then a promising student at a Philadelphia school.

Goddard and his accomplice in the assault were apprehended and sentenced to a fifteen-year term in the Huntington, Pennsylvania, reformatory. Three years later, when Goddard was twenty, prison authorities, won over by the boy's intelligence, paroled him. Goddard rejoined his father in Pelham, New York, and obtained a job at the local Y.M.C.A.

Six months later—in May, 1930—Goddard and a sixteen-year-old Pelham girl disappeared at the same time. The girl turned up three days later at a police station in Tallahassee, Florida, babbled a story which seemed almost unbelievable.

Goddard had told her he was a Rutgers University senior and had invited her to a college dance. She had gone with him in an automobile which, it later became known, he had bought with a rubber check. He did not take her to the dance—instead kidnaped her and compelled her to ride with him on a wild trip through the South. Near Tallahassee, she leaped from the car into the roadside brush. Several hours later she straggled into police headquarters.

No news of her abductor was

had before June 7th. On that day, police questioned a suspicious-looking character in Wichita, Kansas. A check of his activities revealed he was Goddard—now wanted in Florida for abduction and in Pennsylvania for violating his parole

Goddard was shipped to the Eastern Penitentiary in Pennsylvania where, amazing though it may seem, he served less than a year. Again the authorities were fooled by his affable personality, and he was released on August 19, 1931.

Next stop for Goddard was Belvedere, California, where his mother, now divorced from his father, lived. Goddard bought himself a typewriter and set about doing what he had always wanted to do—write radio scripts. One of the scripts caught the eye of a San Francisco advertising executive. Goddard was given a job on the stage of a San Francisco radio station.

The glibness which had got him out of one situation after another and the imagination which had made him a persuasive liar, were turned to good account in script writing. His work caught on, and he began to make money. In 1933, he and eighteen - year - old Elizabeth Danner Baker eloped to Reno.

They lived together less than three years. Despite increased earnings, Goddard built a pile of debts. One day in 1935 he walked out on his wife and two

Photographers snapping shots of Goddard who seems unconcerned.

It was in this brush that Goddard raped and killed Frances Dunn.

children, went to Cincinnati, O.

His smooth tongue obtained for him another position—one of greater responsibility than ever before. He was hired as writer and program director for one of the nation's largest stations. But the station's officials soon heard from Goddard's California creditors, and he was discharged.

Slowly Goddard trekked back across the continent. For a while he held a job at a Detroit radio station. After that he returned to California to take his long-abandoned wife and children to Florida. In West Palm Beach, he obtained a small advertising job by passing himself as an ex-employee of the National Broadcasting Company. A minor fraud got him kicked out of this job.

Apparently unfazed, the incredible Mr. Goddard moved to Miami, turned on the personality and was put in charge of the Federal Theater Project in that city. But he did not take his wife and children to Miami. He left them in West Palm Beach alone with many unpaid bills.

By September, 1936, Goddard was courting a beautiful young actress named Jay Meredith. He followed her to Denver (leaving his job on a two-day leave and not returning), where he established a dramatic school. His suave manner soon endeared him to some of the best people in Denver who, like Jay Meredith, were entirely ignorant of his background. In March, 1937, Goddard and Miss Meredith were married. She, of course, had no idea that he already had a wife and two children whom he had abandoned in Florida.

Goddard and his new "bride" went to New York, and again the amazing Goddard luck plus personality paid off. He obtained a highly paid job as a script writer for one of New York's largest advertising agencies. His income zoomed and his mode of living with it. With his beautiful wife, he moved into an exclusive hotel apartment, became a first-nighter at the theater and

was regularly seen at the better-class cafes. Soon, he started to drink heavily. His wife left him, and he gave up his job and returned to San Francisco, not long after his real wife returned there with her children. For a while, his wife was inclined to accept him back. But seeing that he had become a hopeless alcoholic, she divorced him.

Goddard then paid a visit to Reno himself—in May, 1939. There he met a lovely young girl to whom he represented himself as a U. S. Marshal. Holding out the lure of a job, he took the girl to Denver in a stolen car. On May 17th, he was apprehended in Superior, Montana, and held for stealing a car and impersonating an officer. With characteristic genius, Goddard got off easy. He told the judge it was all a joke and he was put on probation after serving about thirty days. On July 8, 1939, Goddard again sprang back into respectable society, landed a job with a Denver advertising agency.

Infatuation for a beautiful girl lost him that job. This time it was a youngster named Beth Collar, who wanted to act. On July 30th, Miss Collar and Goddard were married in a civil ceremony. They drove to Miami on their honeymoon.

In Miami, Goddard changed his name for the ninth time, passed himself off as a movie talent scout. Interviewing girl after girl, he became interested in two—Jean Bolton and Frances Ruth Dunn. Both were young and beautiful. On August 7, 1939, he asked them to accompany him to Palm Beach, where he said he would have them photographed.

For two days nobody heard from either the girls or from Goddard. On the third day, Jean Bolton, disheveled and hysterical, turned up. Police, searching the jungle thickets of southern Florida, found Frances Dunn dead—covered by a raincoat in the underbrush near Delray Beach. Her clothes had been torn from her and her throat had been slashed. What was once a beautiful young body was now a mass of welts and insect bites.

Jean Bolton told how Goddard had driven them to the beach, tied her up and taken Frances to a thicket.

"She screamed horribly all the while he had her there," declared Miss Bolton.

Then, according to Miss Bolton, Frances and Goddard returned to the car. The girls hugged each other in fear while Goddard kept walking around the car, trying to find a way to get it out of the sand. Failing

Detectives examine the hammer and other clues in the murder.

in this, he took both girls out of the car, tied Frances to a tree and later carried her into the woods.

"I heard her scream several times, and that's the last I heard —or saw—of her again," Miss Bolton said.

Goddard spent hours with Jean Bolton telling the terrified girl of his past life and coaching her on what she was to tell her mother.

Finally he said to her, "You're too nice a kid to do away with." He allowed her to go.

Soon after Miss Bolton was picked up by her mother and two detectives, police apprehended Goddard on a highway two miles out of Miami. In the office of the County Solicitor at West Palm Beach, Goddard cooly confessed that he had killed Frances Dunn with a hammer after having held her friend, Jean Bolton, bound, a short distance away.

Beth Collar, the girl he had wed in a civil ceremony shortly before they arrived in Miami, was as upset and confused as Jay Meredith and the host of duped women had been before her.

"I can't understand it," she said. "He always was such a perfect gentleman."

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WHO KILLED THE DANCING BEAUTY?

Pretty victim of a baffling Chicago hotel murder plot.

Here is a mystery that will have you going in circles if you try to solve it. . . .

by ERWIN COSTA

HERE IS a brain teaser that will have you going around in circles if you try to figure out any logical solution. For several years it has had Chicago detectives doing just that, and to date they haven't come up with any reasonable answers to the weird questions to this murder.

Take the actual discovery of the crime. This alone had the police guessing for days. The setting was the lobby of the gay Devonshire Hotel on East Ohio Street in Chicago. The time was around five-thirty in the morning when even this gay hotel is strangely quiet and the lobby deserted. Elvin Richardson, the night clerk, was trying to catch himself several winks of sleep after witnessing a riotous night in the lobby and the bar-room.

He was awakened abruptly by a small, piping voice and when Richardson sat up stright and looked over the desk, he saw a rosy-cheeked, round-faced boy.

"A man choked Mamma," the boy spoke casually, as matter-of-factly as if he were asking for a drink of water. "The man hit her with something. She doesn't move. She is on the bed in our room."

If Richardson had been a psychiatrist, he would have noticed that the boy was suffering from a severe shock at what he had witnessed, a mental state not at all uncommon in youngsters.

Richardson said to him, "You have been dreaming, my boy. Let me take you back to your room."

The boy seemed eager to go back to the room, too eager, Richardson thought. The door to 814 was open and rather proudly the boy pointed inside the room and said: "Didn't I tell you the truth?"

Richardson gulped. A woman —young, and who had been very pretty—lay on the bed. She was dead. Her forehead was blood-stained and strands of her long brown hair lay across her pale face. Richardson saw that the dead girl was Florence Castle Thompson, who had been living at the hotel for some weeks.

Captain William O'Brien was the first police officer to arrive. He found several clues, one of which was exceedingly mystifying. On the mirror of the dress-

ing table had been scrawled, "Black Legion - game." The memory of the Black Legion, which once had operated in Detroit, was still vivid in everybody's mind.

The second clue was a broken brick, and since it was blood-stained it was obvious that this had been used to kill Florence Castle. Fingerprint men and technicians and other detectives arrived. Captain O'Brien went downstairs to question the seven-year-old son of the murdered woman.

Jimmy's first remark was, "I'm hungry. Can't we have something to eat?"

He was taken to the dining room. He said he had come to visit his mother the day before. He explained that his father and mother were divorced and that he had been staying in Detroit with his grandmother.

He had gone to bed around ten o'clock and had been awakened by a noise, and when he opened his eyes, he saw a tall man beating his mother.

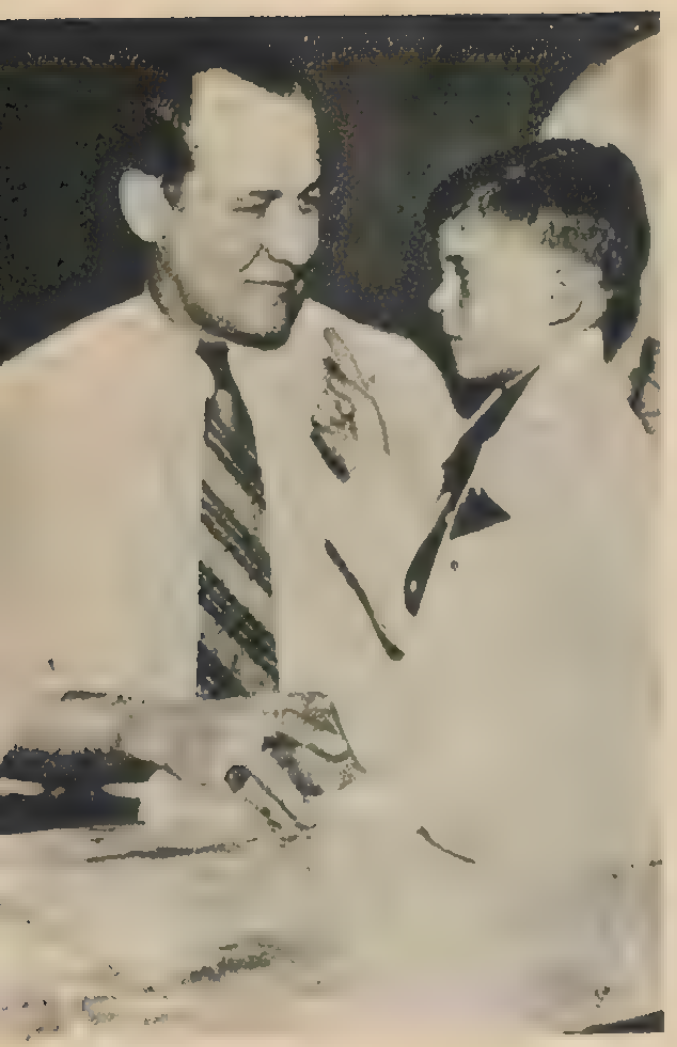
"What did you do?" Captain O'Brien asked.

"Nothing," Jimmy replied. "I asked the man who he was and he said he was a friend of my Mamma and for me to go back to sleep. I did that. When I awakened Mamma was lying on the bed and wouldn't answer me.

Strange clue left on mirror.

So I went downstairs and told the clerk what had happened."

While Captain O'Brien was getting this amazing story from Jimmy, other officers were finding out what they could about his mother. They quickly learned that she had worked as a dancer at the Nut Club, on North Clark Street. A few years before she had been one of the most promising singers in Chicago, but a throat infection had injured the tonal qualities of her voice.



Victim's son with hotel clerk.

She had been married three times, but in each case her career had broken up the marriage. Jimmy was the son of James Thompson, her second husband. Everything the police learned indicated that she was a girl with an excellent reputation.

The lack of the usual motive of some rejected suitor or some love affair left the police pretty much in the dark in trying to formulate a motive for the crime. Examination of the room showed that the killer had undoubtedly come up the fire escape and entered through the window, leaving in the same manner.

Overnight the case became Chicago's most sensational murder in many years. Chief of Police Sullivan issued an order to all his men, which ended with: "This murder must be solved."

John Jones was the first to rush forward to assist the police by confessing to the murder. The police dismissed him quickly, as an obvious crack-pot. Then came the parade of persons demanding that they be permitted to confess to killing Florence Castle.

When the police would get started on some new lead, another confession would stare them in the face, and they would have to take time proving that it was phony. At the end of a month, the police knew only a few salient facts. Robbery as a motive was out because Florence Castle had no money in her room.

The story told by Jimmy was examined by psychiatrists. They pronounced the child as precocious and suffering from the shock of what he had witnessed.

In October 1937, the Los Angeles Police picked up George

message had not been written by his mother and wasn't there the evening before the murder.

During the investigation, the police learned that a number of men, wealthy and some socially prominent had been attracted by the beauty of Florence Castle Thompson. However, she refused to have anything to do with any of them, and one prospective suitor, a lawyer, had caused her considerable annoyance.

While this man was eliminated as a suspect early in the case there was the possibility that other men, equal in social standing, might also have tried to force their attentions on the murdered woman.

The cleverness of the crime—the neat manner in which it had been committed, leaving behind so few clues, pointed to this type of a killer, rather than a George Smith.

Unexplained also was the grim fact that seven year old Jimmy had awakened during the murder of his mother, and the killer, whom Jimmy described as a tall man (Smith was only average height), made no move to harm the child, telling him to go back to sleep, a thing Jimmy said he did quickly.

So that is where the case stands today. Try to figure out all of the angles. You probably won't be very successful.

Smith as a suspect in the murder of Mrs. Alma Johnson in a house robbery. Smith seemed little more than a low-class moron. He had a mania for custard pie and strawberry pop. When they brought him a piece of pie and some pop he readily confessed to the murder of Mrs. Johnson, suggesting that if they brought more pie and pop, he would make other confessions.

Ten hours later he had consumed ten pies and bottles of strawberry pop and had confessed to ten murders and among these was that of Florence Castle in Chicago. Smith explained that he had been in Chicago in that year.

He was tried for the murder of Mrs. Johnson and convicted. Some of the Chicago newspapers, weary at publishing confessions in the Castle murder, accepted Smith's story as the truth. But to detectives there remain many unanswered questions. If Smith committed the murder, who wrote the message on the mirror—"The Black Legion—Game?" For Smith, when questioned, disclaimed knowledge of it.

Jimmy, the son, was questioned at length about the message, the police working on the theory that his mother had written it while playing a game with Jimmy. Jimmy stated that the

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Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

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DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The killer laughed when first tried for murder fifteen years before.

LAUGHING KILLER

A beautiful girl and a laughing killer . . . a murder mystery dark and baffling until a clever officer saw weakness in killer's alibi.

by RONALD FRIENDLY

IN CLEVELAND, at 2275 East 55th Street, there is an immense, old-fashioned mansion. It houses the Society of the Blind. Certainly it is not the kind of place someone would call to inquire about a murder.

Yet that is what happened on December 31, 1932. On that day, a cold drizzle hugged the old building with clammy hands. Miss Ruth Warner felt understandable trepidation when she answered the phone.

"This is the police," a voice said. "A woman has been murdered in an automobile belonging to Miss Warner of your institution. Who is this speaking?"

"This is Miss Warner. My heavens, it must be Ruth — Ruth Gilmore Steese. She's our bookkeeper. I loaned her my car so that she could go to the bank."

"Stay where you are. Someone will be right over."

Miss Warner was soon told the story. It seemed that Joseph Novak, who had been hunting, had decided to start home in his car. He had a tentative appointment to meet someone at the end of Shaker Boulevard, on the southeastern rim of Cleveland. He stopped his car there and settled down to wait.

The convalescent home where Ruth worked when death came.

Ruth Steese at time of her murder.

After he had been sitting some time, listening to the rain and smoking his pipe, a young man in an old Ford truck pulled up beside him.

"Say," the young man shouted, "are trucks allowed on the boulevard?"

Novak guessed they were and the young man drove on. Ten minutes later, deciding he had been stood up, Novak also drove on. Soon he passed from Pepper Pike Village into Beechwood Village, where the north roadway of Shaker Boulevard traverses a deserted section. In the rain, it was gray and desolate. At a point where the woods all but touch the road, Novak noticed a sedan parked off the road. It was a curious place to park a car.

"Hey there," he yelled from his window, "are you folks all right?"

There was no answer. From the brush, there came the sound of someone running. Probably a rabbit, thought Novak. He parked and walked over to the sedan. Peering through the windows, he saw something which made his blood seem to freeze. In the rear of the car, partly on the seat and partly on the floor, was the body of a woman. She was blindfolded. But her pallor and the unnatural rigidity of her limbs, told Novak that she was probably dead.

He flagged an approaching truck, asked the driver to notify the authorities in the town ahead. Officers from Beechwood were on the scene a few minutes later. Their first act was to trace the ownership of the car by means of the license plates. Miss Warner of the Society of the Blind was the owner.

The killer laughed at his trial but his laugh faded quickly.

Laughing killer after sentence.

Miss Warner said the victim had left the society's headquarters at one that afternoon. Five minutes later, Mrs. Steese parked the auto before a branch of the Cleveland Trust Company.

There she deposited nearly $1,400 in checks and cash—all in the society's account. She also cashed about $200 in pay checks, including her own and those of fellow employees. She left the bank at 1:12.

The teller with whom she generally dealt wished her a

Lab. technician checks clues.

happy New Year. Forty minutes later she was found dead on a lonely stretch of Shaker Boulevard, more than ten miles away.

According to the coroner, a criminal attack had been attempted. Death was caused by a bullet wound in the head. With the exception of five dollars, all the money on Mrs. Steese's person had been taken. The coroner's verdict: murder with robbery as the motive.

At the outset, authorities had but three clues. The murder bullet was of .32 caliber. The victim's hands were tied with a piece of ordinary hemp rope, but tied in a peculiar knot—one which drew tighter as the victim struggled. The blindfold was an automobile cleaning cloth, of a size and a material commonly used by garage employees.

The crime was not difficult to reconstruct. A loiterer outside the bank might have seen Mrs. Steese parked. On the assumption she had gone in to draw money, he might have entered her parked car and crouched in the back seat.

When Mrs. Steese re-entered and drove off, he could have knocked her unconscious with a blow from behind, shoved her to the side and taken over operation of the car.

A careful checkup of Mrs. Steese's acquaintances including her husband—who worked in a gas station, but was on duty at the time of the crime—revealed that the killer was probably a stranger to her.

As news of the murder spread, police heard from the young man who had asked Novak whether the boulevard was open to trucks. This truck driver also reported having noticed a car mired at the side of the road. When he passed, a man was standing at the rear of the car. The man signalled the young truck driver to go

on. The driver proceeded but observed the other man carefully. He described him as being about 30, having dark hair, weighing around 190 and about six feet tall, wearing a dark lumber jacket and dark trousers. The incident took place, he declared, at about 1:45.

Despite this description, not until July 24, 1933, nearly seven months after the crime, did the case begin to break. On that day, Peter Treadway, 37, gasoline station attendant, limped into a suburban police station. He declared he had been abducted on his way to work and that his abductors, besides robbing him of the preceeding day's proceeds of $300, had shot him in the upper part of his leg.

The bullet wound was not severe, police discovered. Treadway was able to go to headquarters and look over the gallery. He identified his assailant as Benny Smith, an alleged bootlegger who had once been picked up in Cleveland and fingerprinted.

The case was routine until

Killer is taken to the scene of murder to reenact the crime.

the police went into action and a ballistics expert reported on the bullet which had injured Treadway. It bore a marked similarity to the one which killed Ruth Steese. It was also of .32 caliber.

Smith was brought to trial for the holdup. But efforts to make him a suspect in the Steese murder were soon given up. The young truck driver, who had gone to Pittsburgh to look Smith over, declared Smith was not the man he saw.

But, indirectly, through theis incident, the Steese case was ultimately cracked. Smith's attorney, Leo J. Rattay, investigated Treadway. Rattay was well-qualified for such an investigation.

He had once been an attorney for a gasoline company. He understood the workings of gas stations. He knew, for example that the $300 Treadway claimed he had been robbed of to the police had been changed to $800 in testimony before the grand jury. And that even $300 was an extraordinarily large "take" in a station the size Treadway managed.

Rattay called on company officials and learned that an auditor had recently been to the station on a checkup. The auditor was told to return in a few days. It was subsequently learned that Treadway was about $1200 behind in his accounts.

Digging into Treadway's past, Rattay discovered Treadway had served eleven years in a Pennsylvania prison after a murder conviction. He had been paroled when he named the accomplice who actually pulled the death trigger. It was during this trial that Treadway was called "The Langberg killer."

Rattay then had a hunch that Treadway himself might have murdered Ruth Steese. He called on County Prosecutor Frank Culitan, outlined the following hypothesis:

Treadway was a convicted murderer, desperate for money and short in his accounts. He attempted to cover up part of the shortage by the holdup story. He even inflicted a flesh wound on himself to make the "holdup" seem real. He was a garage man who fitted the young truck driver's description of the man seen beside the murder car.

Some cause to arrest Treadway remained to be found. A gasoline station operator, on seeing Treadway's name in the newspapers, reported to authorities that Treadway had cashed a bad check. Police

suggested the operator swear out a warrant for Treadway's arrest, then ask Treadway to come in and make the check good. Police awaited Treadway's arrival.

On December 6, he was arrested as he entered the gas station. On his person was $19. An officer asked where he got it. He declared he had won it gambling. A casual checkup of robberies revealed that a gas station had been held up and robbed of $21 the day before. The owner identified Treadway as the thief.

"Well, you win," Treadway told the police. "I stuck him up to make good my bum check."

Treadway did have a bank account, hoewever. It was with the Cleveland Trust Company, the same branch as Mrs. Steese patronized. A checkup revealed that his biggest deposit—$20—was made a few days after the murder of Mrs. Steese.

Police found, in Treadway's car, a gun whose bullets matched the one which wounded Treadway's leg. And a second ballistics test showed it was the same gun that had killed Ruth Steeese.

Treadway was arrested and charged with her murder. During his trial he laughed and jeereed at witnesses, as he had done in his first trial for murder. The jury was out only a short time until it brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree, without a recommendation for clemency.

One year later Treadway walked into the death house and three minutes later the Laughing Killer was pronounced dead without a smile on his face.

Officer holds gun killer used.

Beware of Kidnapers

The dark and sinister cloud of kidnaping is here again to terrify parents. . . . This case is only one of many happening in all parts of country.

by THEODORE RAIMER

Officer Ludwig has kidnaper down after wild chase through desert.

WE THOUGHT we had wiped out the vicious scourge of kidnapping twenty-five years ago.

For a while the Lindbergh Law was effective, but again the dark and sinister form of kidnappers are appearing in our cities, snatching children for any ransom they can get.

In Compton, California, 6-year-old Joyce Pike was a happy, pretty and intelligent little girl. Her parents are fine people, have a nice home, and some wealth. Joyce had one overpowering mania in life and that was an insatiable appetite for ice cream.

Which fact probably accounts for her being alive and happy in the arms of her parents. Joyce's best friend was Billy Crayon, who operated an ice cream truck. Sometimes when Billy's truck went by the Pike home and Joyce was in the yard and didn't have enough pennies, Billy gave her some ice cream.

Billy was eighteen and a very grown-up man. He knew every child in that neighborhood and they all knew Billy and liked him. Billy watched over them and on two occasions was instrumental in preventing a child from running in front of a truck.

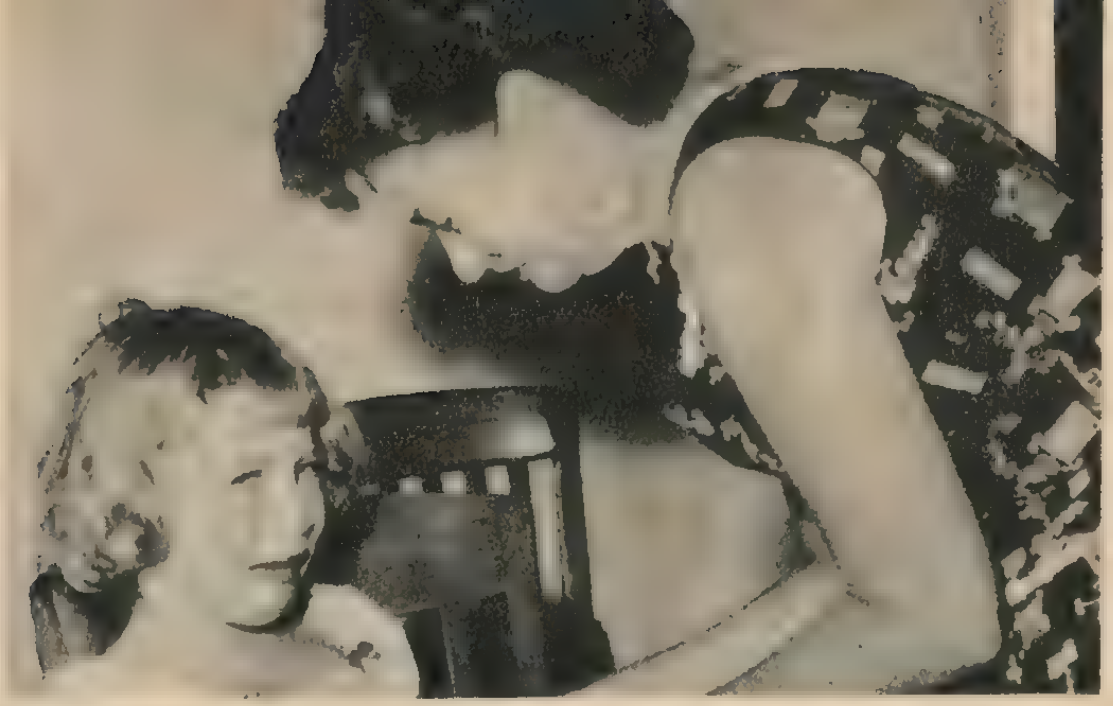
On August 14, 1955, at four in the afternoon, Joyce was playing in the Pike yard. At 4:06 her mother, Mrs. Robert Pike, looked out the window. Joyce was gone and two little girls were running up to the front door of the Pike home.

"Mrs. Pike," they called. "Some man grabbed Joyce and took her away . . . he was driving a green car . . . he took Joyce with him. . . ."

Detective Bob Ludwig was the first police officer to arrive at the Pike home, and as he walked up the sidewalk to the front door, the combined resources of the Compton Police Force and the state police were already in action. The teletype was sending out orders to block all highways and look out for a man with a six-year-old girl with him.

Detectives from the Compton Police Force were questioning the neighbors of the Pikes to see if they could find anyone who saw the kidnapper, while other detectives were checking on any men who might have shown an interest in Joyce.

Detective Ludwig wasn't having much luck getting informa-



Six-year-old Joyce is back with her mother after arrest of kidnaper.

tion from the two little girls. "Talk slowly," he cautioned them, "and tell me exactly what happened."

But the two little girls were too excited to talk slowly and their fertile little minds had added much to the original story. "He was a big, funny-looking man . . . a great big man. . . ."

"That's all right, honey." Ludwig said. "Don't let your imagination get away from you."

The news of the kidnapping travelled like wild-fire over the town. Billy Crayon heard it and he broke all speed laws getting to the Pike home with his truck.

"I saw the man," he said to Ludwig. "I've been watching him around the neighborhood and I didn't like it. I don't know his name but he drives a green and blue Pontiac, two door sedan. He is young, dark complexioned, and the license number of his car is Cal. 5-6769E."

"When did you last see him?" Ludwig asked.

"Not over a half hour ago. He was going east toward the desert."

"Who was with him?"

"I didn't see anybody in the car with him, but I didn't look close. Joyce may have been with him."

Billy Crayon's news flashed to the state highway police and special orders were sent out to the highway patrol men east of town. In the meantime Officer Ludwig was in his car speeding east, with Billy Crayon and his ice cream truck close behind.

Cars streaked across the desert from all directions, sending up clouds of dust as they left the concrete highway to follow

suspicious looking tracks. Radio contact with the road blocks far ahead was kept with the state police cars.

Reports back were, "No green Pontiac Sedan spotted."

Ludwig was making close to ninety miles an hour with his police car. Billy Crayon was having difficulty keeping up with Ludwig. Then suddenly Ludwig's car swerved off the high way, following a new set of tire tracks that headed for a deep desert canyon.

It was a wild hunch, but Ludwig noted these tire tracks in the desert had been made by a car going at breakneck speed. Billy Crayon turned his truck off the highway with Ludwig. Billy made better time through the deep dust of the desert.

They covered miles and then in a deserted area they saw a car that had been hiding start to move. It picked up speed slowly. Ludwig stepped on the gas. His car skidded on the sand as it picked up speed. Billy Crayon and his truck were close behind.

Ludwig's police car drew up alongside the green Pontiac. The green Pontiac turned and raced back to the highway. On the highway it started back to Compton. Ludwig caught up with it at the outskirts of town. Ludwig leaped, landing on the running board. A dark haired youth opened the door to flee. He landed on the ground with Ludwig on top of him.

The fight was over quickly and Everado Martinez, the youth in the green Pontiac was handcuffed. Joyce was in the green sedan, crying. Billy Crayon placed her in Ludwig's car. Hours later she was back home with he parents, unharmed.

At police headquarters, Martinez sobbed, "I lost my mind. I never done anything like that before. I'm sick . . ."

He admitted he was a former inmate of the State Hospital at Camarilla. Records at that hospital show he was there from March 11, 1954 to June 14, 1954, when he was given an "indefinite leave."

When questioned about Joyce, Martinez denied he had abused her. He was vague on reasons for kidnaping and the question of ransom. Charged with being a suspect in kidnaping, Martinez will be examined by a board to determine his mental condition before any action is taken against him.

Not much tragedy or blood in this story, but it is an important story. It shows what can happen to your daughter, or your little sister.

The kidnaper is with us again.

The Shoes Nobody Saw

A brutal murder and a strange clue . . . a famous detective follows to a hideous solution.

by JACK PIMSER

LAST YEAR a short, heavy-set man, with a jovial face and laughing eyes, died in Wichita, Kansas. His name was Joe Maness. If you don't live in the Middle West, you probably have never heard about him.

Joe Maness was called "The Sherlock Holmes of Kansas." More than any other modern detective, he merited that title. Today he and his amazing brilliance at crime detection have become a legend in Kansas, Oklahoma and surrounding states.

I knew Joe well when I was a newspaperman in Kansas. I watched him work on many cases, fascinated by the simple and direct way his mind worked and how he could pick out the one tell-tale clue from the mass of evidence.

Joe always claimed his greatest case was the murder of Minnie Bell Turner. He is undoubtedly right as his work on this case is used as a textbook in most middle western police departments.

Here are the facts of the case:

When Ben Turner returned from work in Anthony, Kansas, on the afternoon of February 26, he called out to his wife in his usual cheerful fashion. No reply was forthcoming. As he made his way through the kitchen door, he sensed something ominous. Minnie had not missed his greeting for well on thirty years. It took only a second for him to stride into the dining room and what he saw he blurted out to Sheriff Ryan not many minutes afterward.

"My God, Jim, it almost killed me to see her. There she was clubbed and shot . . . blood all over the sofa . . . bullets clear through her body. It couldn't have happened long ago. She was still warm when I got to her. But she's dead, Jim!"

Minnie Bell Turner was not the sort of woman at whose throat you would expect the hand of violence. She did not belong to that elite circle of women who invite crime by virtue of their wealth or pulchritude or social position. She was an ordinary, gentle, middle-aged matron who had reared

Ben Turner said he saw the shoes.

The victim of the brutal murder.

her family well and had sacrificed much in the effort. There are a hundred Minnie Bell Turners in most American towns. And to the law-abiding citizens of Anthony, Kansas, at least, her slaying was most mystifying and amazing.

She had been hit over the skull with a club, evidently the leg of a chair or some other small piece of furniture. The end of the club had been splintered. Under a mattress in an adjacent room, Sheriff Ryan found the rest of the club, inclosed in a pipe and caked with the brown stains of human blood. And she had been shot!

The authorities of the little prairie town were baffled. They did what all police officials of southern Kansas do when stuck on a case. They sent out a call for Joe Maness, who was head of the homicide detail of the Wichita, Kansas, police. "Call in Maness" had been for many years the cry of every stymied police chief in the state.

Maness reasoned along simple lines. While amateurs sought for bits of hair or skin or what-not, Joe turned over in his logical mind what was for him the paramount question of the case: why would anybody take the life of Minnie Bell Turner? Motives for killing, as Joe saw them, fell into three classes—murder for revenge, for love or for profit.

The first thing Joe did was to obtain a first-hand running account of the circumstances surrounding the crime.

On February 26, 1930, Ben Turner left his home at the usual hour for his job at the salt plant. On that day, according to his story, he issued his customary warning to his wife not to feed every tramp who came knocking at the back

door for a hand-out, a habit which caused him to worry.

Apparently overcome with grief, Turner announced to Sheriff Ryan that he would give a thousand dollars to any person who could bring the killer of his wife to justice.

Sheriff Ryan examined the side door of the Turner dwelling. Fingerprint experts, were rushed from Wichita, sixty miles away. They arrived in fast cars two hours later. No fingerprints were found. There was, however, a footprint outside the door.

Those were the facts when "Sherlock" Joe Maness entered the case. Joe summoned the bereaved Ben Turner. The widower told of seeing a tramp in the neighborhood of his home when he left early on the day the crime was committed. He testified further that he had seen the same tramp later on, when he was returning home. He had stopped at the local drugstore and had noticed the tramp walking past outside. Turner said that he remembered that tramp particularly because of his patent leather shoes.

It's strange how little things break baffling murder cases. The difference between a great detective and a mediocre one is the ability to detect these unimportant details. When Turner made that remark about the drug store, Joe Maness got his cue at once. Joe knew the drug stores of those country towns. So he went to this store, stood inside and looked out on the street.

He saw it was impossible for

House where Turner found body of his wife on return from work.

Jim Stratton played strange role.

any person to stand or sit in the store and see anybody's shoes on the outside, because the show window didn't start until four feet from the sidewalk.

Maness was too smart to show his hand. He knew that Turner was mixed up in the murder, but having met Turner, he figured Turner was too clever to have killed his wife himself. So Maness did some undercover work to find out who Turner might have hired for the job. He was told by neighbors of the Turners that Jim Strutton, an employee at the salt company where Turner was manager, had been seen in the neighborhood on the morning of the murder.

Maness went to the salt plant. Through questioning employees, he found that Strutton had a good reputation but was considered unintelligent and easily influenced. Maness also learned that Strutton and Turner had been close friends and that Turner apparently had exerted a powerful influence over Strutton.

Maness was told that Strutton had gone to Oklahoma City. The next move was easy. Maness, accompanied by Sheriff Ryan and other officers, searched Strutton's one-room shack in the vicinity of the salt plant. They found the interior in great disorder, indicating that he had left in a hurry.

Under the bed they found a .32-caliber revolver, the same caliber revolver as that whose bullets killed Minnie Bell Turner. Outside, in the yard surrounding the shack, there was found atop a pile of debris a baby crib with one leg missing. The legs were identical to the one used to club Mrs. Turner.

Officers in Oklahoma were notified and Strutton was swiftly apprehended and brought back to Anthony. He sat passive before his captors and inquisitors, as if unaware of the body of evidence pointing to his guilt.

The afternoon wore on. Strutton stubbornly denied any knowlede of the crime. Sheriff Ryan was unable to obtain a confession. Again, Ryan called in Maness.

Maness entered the room in which Strutton sulked. He seated himself opposite the captive, looked at him squarely and said simply:

"Strutton, you killed Mrs. Turner. You know you did. We found the crib from which you cut your club. We found the saw with which you did the work. We found the pipe from which you unscrewed an iron cap to weight the end of the stick. You had a gun and we found that too. It was the same gun that killed Mrs. Turner. We can prove it too."

Strutton, visibly disturbed, stuttered, "You . . .. can't . . . can't prove—"

"Can't I?" interrupted Maness. "I don't need a confession. The look on your face is enough to convict you before any jury in this State."

"Suppose I do confess. Will it protect me?"

"Not if you did it."

"Ben Turner made me do it."

And soon the whole miserable story flowed from Strutton's mouth like a torrent from an overflooded sewer. Strutton told of how Turner wanted his wife

Deputy points to bloodstains.

out of the way, how she had taunted him about his drinking and how Turner had complained to his wife that he had lived too long with her.

Strutton, trembling at the recollection, told Maness how Turner had ordered him to kill Mrs. Turner, ordered him to do it or lose his own life if he did not. For the job, Strutton was promised $135, collected only $70. Strutton's words were put on sworn record and the case turned abruptly toward Ben Turner himself.

Turner was arrested. He hired high-powered lawyers and attempted to press damage suits

Joe Maness found the solution.

for defamation of character against those who said he had murdered his wife Nonetheless, he was locked up with Strutton to await trial for murder.

Strutton and Turner were placed in adjacent cells. The cells had been wired so that officers outside could hear the conversation which transpired between the two men. Turner first cursed Strutton for not keeping his mouth shut, then suggested he commit suicide.

Strutton, with amazing stoicism, was interested only in the $65 he still had coming to him for the murder job. Turner's last effort to clear himself was an attempt to bribe another man to kill Strutton. He would then claim that Strutton had proven his sole guilt by claiming that he had killed himself.

All this was on the court records when the trial commenced. Undaunted, Turner fought hard. He was a skillful actor. In the courtroom, he cunningly held his granddaughter on his knee, grouped his kinfolk around him and proceeded to unravel a heartrending story ot a man unjustly accused of murdering his beloved wife.

It was in vain. The blows of the prosecution were as crushing as those dealt Mrs. Turner with Strutton's club. Held forth as "Kansas' Cruelest Killer" and "The Man Without a Human Heart," Ben Turner's glib, thespian ability deserted him at the crucial moment. The facts were too brutal, too sordid for refutation. On the first two ballots the count was eleven to one for conviction. On the third he was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

Strutton was brought to trial. The jury quickly brought in a verdict of guilty and he, too, got a life sentence.

To Joe Maness, it was just another case. "If you watch close enough," he told reporters when interviewed about the case, "you will always find the crack in any murderer's story. In Turner's case it was the seemingly unimportant detail about seeing the feet of the tramp."

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NEW ELECTRIC APPLIANCE MAY NOW HELP SAVE HAIR

Science today revealed a sensationally new kind of hair brush that looks as though all ordinary brushes will soon be obsolete. The name of this new device is VIBRA BRUSH, which is designed for proper hair care.

NEW HOPE FOR HAIR OFFERED BY ELECTRIC BRUSH

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As though by magic, VIBRA BRUSH helps increase the circulation of blood and tissue fluid. VIBRA BRUSH will help release the natural oils in your scalp. Loose dandruff and accumulated dirt are easily removed. You feel clean and invigorated. VIBRA BRUSH massages and stimulates the Natural way without harsh rubbing that may damage hair and irritate scalp.

RELIEVES TENSION THAT MAY BE CONTRIBUTING TO HAIR LOSS!

Some doctors now believe that nervous tension may be a factor in falling hair and baldness. Emotional tension may produce circulatory impairment to the scalp, which tends to interfere with nutrition of the hair roots. Hair thins out and bald spots appear. VIBRA BRUSH helps relieve this muscular tension and releases you as though by magic! Run VIBRA BRUSH over scalp, starting from forehead and working slowly to back of head. Almost at once the gentle stimulation and vibration loosens tenseness! The scalp relaxes, relaxation spreads to the facial muscles, and then even to the rest of the body.

With relaxation circulation improves, blood flows to the hair roots, and fatigue will often be relieved. With improved circulation nutrition is brought to the hair roots more freely and your hair will be greatly benefited.

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Try VIBRA BRUSH at our risk for 2 weeks. If you don't say it's the greatest blessing ever designed for the hair, if it doesn't help you, send the brush right back for full and prompt refund—you lose nothing! VIBRA BRUSH comes complete to you with 8-ft. cord, plug, on-off switch. Made of durable anodized Aluminum. Bristle head is instantly detachable for rinsing. Only $9.95 postpaid. If ordering C.O.D., send $1 pay balance plus postage on arrival.

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